

# CARMEL CYMBAL

VOLUME III, NUMBER 20

WEDNESDAY, MAY 18, 1927

FIVE CENTS. \$2 THE YEAR

## Parents Corner Kibbler on High School Appointment

UNLESS the recent action of the Monterey High school board appointing J. H. Graves principal of the high school is rescinded it is probable that Carmel students in the school will be withdrawn and sent to Pacific Grove High.

This is according to statements made by many parents of high school students following a conference between some forty-five residents of Carmel and William T. Kibbler, Carmel member of the school board, last Friday.

At that conference Kibbler was asked many and varied questions as to the reason for the action of the board in naming Graves and it is said that his answers were unsatisfactory. It is contended that al-

though both in Monterey and Carmel it has long been felt that F. M. Watenpaugh, now principal, was unsatisfactory, the appointment of Graves is in the manner of going backward instead of forward. He is declared to be anything but the stamp of man deemed efficient as a high school principal.

It is planned to call a meeting shortly between Carmel parents and all members of the high school board in an effort to relieve the impending situation.

In the meantime there is the threat of withdrawing Carmel students which would mean that at least 50 children would be enrolled in Pacific Grove high from Carmel.

## High Court Upholds Syndicalism Statute

MISS Anita Whitney, at her summer home in Carmel, learned Monday morning that the United States Supreme Court had upheld the constitutionality of the anti-syndicalism law of California under which she was convicted eight years ago.

Miss Whitney was arrested in Oakland when she stepped from a platform after she had addressed a meeting of the Communist society. She had been warned by the police not to address the meeting.

She had previously introduced resolutions in the convention of the society against violence, but these had been voted down.

Miss Whitney leaves Carmel today to confer with her attorney, John Francis Neylan of San Francisco, but it is believed that she has no further chance for appeal, and will have to serve a sentence of from one to fourteen years in San Quentin.

Miss Whitney did not appeal for herself, but from the constitutionality of the syndicalism law. She has refused to aid in an appeal for a pardon for herself, and has contended that while others are in jail for a violation of this law she, as a woman, had no right to special consideration.

## 'Show-Off' Tickets Now

TICKETS have been placed on sale for "The Show-Off" in which "Woody" Rowntree and Marian

Todd are cast as the leads, supported by the best all-around company the Carmel Players have gathered together.

The comedy, which will be produced at the Arts and Crafts theater on the evenings of May 27, 28 and 29, is hailed as the biggest success of its kind in years and it is certain that although the Carmel Players have decided on three nights for the show, the house will be taxed to capacity at all engagements.

Besides a general spirit of enthusiasm for the play on the part of local people, prospective visitors to the city for that week-end are already making reservations.

With Marian Todd and Rowntree there will be seen in "The Show-Off", Gay Nubey, Stanton Babcock, Kenneth Lyman, George Ball and others to make up a great cast.

## Dene Denny Coming In Modern Concert

ON Friday night, June 3, Dene Denny will render an all-modern piano program at the Theatre of the Golden Bough.

This program is born of the conviction that modern music had a right to be heard under the same favorable conditions of auditorium and acoustics as are accorded the classic music forms. The new music expresses the thinking and living of today just as much as do painting, literature or the drama. It mirrors the progress of the age. So George Antheil may write a Ballet Mechanique and Rice may write "The Adding Machine"—each inspired by

## Reginald Travers at Golden Bough Friday

REGINALD Travers will head the cast of the San Francisco Players' Guild production of Edna Ferber's "Minick" at the Golden Bough Friday night while Richenda Stevick and Cameron Prudhomme will share leading honors in Saturday night's "Tarnish", Gilbert Emery's powerful drama of American family problems.

"Tarnish" has already enjoyed a successful run in San Francisco, but "Minick" is having its first Guild production in Carmel, after which it will be performed a number of times in San Francisco.

Nearly every one has read Miss Ferber's story of "Old Man Minick", a rare blend of humor and pathos. In play form the story achieved a notable success in its New York season.

"Tarnish" is one of the strongest American plays written in recent years. Although notably successful in New York it has never been sent West "on the road". The Players' Guild of San Francisco has been fortunate in securing the playing rights to this fine drama, and its production of the play has been warmly commended by the critics. George Warren said in the "Chronicle," "This highly emotional drama of to-day has been given an exemplary production and an impressive enactment by the Players' Guild. It should receive the patronage of every lover of good drama well acted."

the machine age of which he is a part. The modernist looks upon the sound as his medium through which he expresses life at the point of today. He cannot use the language of Beethoven or of Mozart, or of anyone, however great, of the past.

Miss Denny, recognized as among the foremost exponents of the ultra-modern in music in the West, offers a program of great interest. There will be no Chopin, no Liszt, nor even Debussy—very little of it has been given public performance on the Coast.

Immediately after the Carmel recital Miss Denny will repeat her program in San Francisco, where the critics are looking forward to it with interest.

## PUBLIC INVITED TO DANCE

The general public is invited by the Carmel Parent-Teacher association to attend the dance next Saturday night at the Sunset school. This is one of the regular weekly dances sponsored by the organization.

FREE TICKETS TO "THE SHOW-OFF" — SEE PAGE FIVE



# Abalone League Game Sunday Sets Record for Low Score

## RESULTS SUNDAY

F rates	4
I angers	3
Robins	4
Sox	0
Giants	10
Eskimos	9
Tigers	7
Reds	6
Crescents	2
Shamrocks	1

By Hilda

**A**BALONE history was made last Sunday. In addition to the lowest score game ever played in the league, three of the other four games were won by one run, and all were snappy, hard hitting, spectacular games. There were also several conversational bouts thrown in for good measure, but then that is not unusual.

The feature of the Pirate—Ranger game was King's sensational playing for the Rangers. He is fast on the bases and fields his position faultlessly. Lou Pryor also played a good game. For the winners, Johns covered short-stop well, and the whole team played snappy ball. The Rangers got men on bases all right, but couldn't seem to score. Joe Machado, Dutch Stoney and Wall were all hitting well.

The Sox just can't seem to win, in spite of excellent playing of individual members. In the first innings the Robins made two runs, and in the Sox first time up Vic Renslow beat a bunt to first, stole second and coming home on a hit, reached the home plate by a narrow margin, only to third. John Thompson came over from be called out because he did not touche Monterey and played a fine game at third for the Robins. Freddy Machado and Teaby Nichlos caught good games.

The Eskimos and Giants started right in to score, when in the first inning Chet Hare's three-bagger brought Larry Pryor and Thorup home. In all, the Eskimos scored four runs, but the Giants came right back at them when Charlie Van Riper got to first and Frenchy Murphy hit a long one to the grass, where Tal Josselyn's quick fielding held it to a two-bagger. But on passed balls Frenchy romped home. Charlie Frost put on an act of his own in the third when he played around off the bases, finally getting in a bad jam between first and second, but beat the ball to the bag. He got to third by a quick steal, but was unable to score. Keeping up the Frost family reputation, Dorothy hit over second and brought in two runners.

In the sixth there was a pretty play

when with Pete Conlon on third, Frenchy Murphy on first, Jake May came to bat. Playing for Frenchy, the Eskimos caught him off second, May walked, and Hanley hit to center field bringing in two runs. This left the score 9 to 7, in favor of the Eskimos. Then the fun started in the last of the seventh. The Giants started to hit. With two men on bases Frenchy got a two-bagger, and the base umpire, standing near third, called Jake May safe on first and the winning run came in. The boos from the field led the harrassed umps to say the runner was always favored in a simultaneous decision . . . although May looked on to everyone but the Giants and the umps.

The Tigers took the field against the Reds, wearing fierce new Tiger heads on their sweaters. Probably that is why they won, although Jimmy Wilson's pitching and fielding and hitting, with Dooley Stoney, George Ball and Waldo Hicks swatting when they counted, may have had a great deal to do with it. Winsor Josselyn caught for the Reds and talked and batted 1000 percent. Tommy Hooper was hitting well for the Reds, and in the fourth inning George Ball took himself out of the box going to first base, bringing Jimmy Wilson in from left field to pitch and moving Dick Johnson to center field. It was a good move, and so upset the Red pitcher that Theresa Wilson was safe on first, George Ball hit safely, Busey hit and the bases were full. Jack Eaton came to bat and did his stuff; he hit a two bagger. Four runs in this inning tied the score.

Winsor Josselyn took a hand again, and with a wild whoop brought in the next run for the Reds when the first base got cluttered up with two runners and the baseman. The last of the fifth proved exciting as Dick Johnson modestly pulled a walk, Dooley hit to left field. Theresa Wilson walked and George Ball's long hit to right field brought home Dick and Dooley. George then started to dance around second base, and by this trick succeeded in pulling a throw to second and Theresa stole home. Jimmy Wilson then hit, and stole second. Three runs came in.

Tom Hooper broke a bat, but got a hit, then he stole second. While the other batters were hitting and fouling, he stole third, and later came home. But the Tigers kept their lead, Dooley catching a fast liner through short.

The Crescent—Shamrock game, in addition to being the lowest score game ever played in the Abalone league, was one of the best. There were three double plays. By Ford was responsible for two, and Frank Murphy, pitching a good game for the Crescents, got the other in the last inning when he caught a fly and touched Bill Young, in the last of the fourth, got a home run with George Aucourt, who

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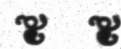
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was on second, running about two feet ahead of him from third home.

At the end of the second inning there was no score, but the hard hitting Shamrocks then filled the bases, and Kit Cooke drew a walk and forced in a runner. The fine fielding of the Crescents put the heavy hitters of the greenshirts out in the next, Eric Wilkinson making a difficult catch in center field.

The last inning saw By Ford once more make a double play, putting Bill Young and George Aucourt out of the running. Chet Hare's three-bagger in the seventh looked like another last inning win for the Shamrocks, but Frank Murphy's snappy double play saved the day.

## Abalone Ball Schedule

May 22

National League  
Shamrocks vs. Tigers  
Crescents vs. Eskimos  
Giants vs. Reds  
American League  
Robins vs. Pirates  
Rangers vs. Sox

May 29

National League  
Tigers vs. Eskimos  
Giants vs. Crescents  
Shamrocks vs. Reds  
American League  
Rangers vs. Robins  
Sox vs. Pirates

June 5

National League  
Reds vs. Crescents  
Eskimos vs. Shamrocks  
Tigers vs. Giants  
American League  
Sox vs. Robins  
Rangers vs. Pirates

June 12

National League  
Crescents vs. Tigers  
Shamrocks vs. Giants  
Eskimos vs. Reds  
American League  
Robins vs. Pirates  
Sox vs. Rangers

June 19

National League  
Giants vs. Eskimos  
Tigers vs. Reds  
Shamrocks vs. Crescents  
American League  
Pirates vs. Sox  
Robins vs. Rangers

June 26

National League  
Tigers vs. Shamrocks  
Reds vs. Giants  
Eskimos vs. Crescents  
American League  
Open

July 3 and 4

Series, National vs. American Sections  
Series against National Section winner

## NEW YORKER BUYS 605

### ACRES ON CARMEL RIVER

The hill section of the old Oliver Ranch, on the Carmel river comprising 605 acres, was sold last Thursday to Sidney W. Fish of New York. Fish was on the Peninsula some time ago, and decided to build a winter home here, and the site of the Oliver ranch overlooking Point Lobos and the Carmel Bay pleased him very much. He plans to build a country home and surround it with a landscaped estate.

W. G. Hudson, of Monterey, represented Mrs. Elizabeth Anne Oliver in the deal, and William A. Boekel, San Francisco attorney acted for Fish.

## NEW BOOKS AT THE

### GAME COCK LIBRARY

Misquitoes.....William Faulkner  
Irene Iddesleigh.....Mrs. Amauda M. Kittrick  
The Holy Lovers.....Marie C. Oemler  
Chains.....Theodore Dreiser  
Bread and Fire.....Charles Rumford Walker

Miss Mildred Farrell is leaving for Fresno this week, where she will be the guest of her mother for three weeks.

## Denny and Watrous

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## CARMEL<sup>THE</sup> CYMBAL

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## Theatre of The Golden Bough

This Week-End

## The Players' Guild of San Francisco

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FRIDAY, MAY 20

# MINICK

An American Comedy

By Edna Ferber and George Kaufmann

SATURDAY, MAY 21

# TARNISH

An educational Play of American life

By Gilbert Emory

Admission \$1 to \$2

Reduction to Golden Bough Season Subscribers  
Attending Both Plays.



# More Signers to Cymbal's Petition Against Beach Resort

FIFTY-FOUR additional names, making a total of 180, have been affixed to the petition circulated by The Cymbal on May 6 asking the board of trustees of Carmel not to call a bond election for the erection of a recreation center on Carmel beach. Since last week's issue of The Cymbal it has been reported about the city that the Carmel Woman's Club has given up any further attempt to obtain signatures to its petitions requesting such a bond issue, but we have no official notice from the club to this effect.

The signatures obtained the past week to be added to the 125 printed last week are as follows:

R. A. Kocher  
Anna Porter  
C. H. Bassett  
Mrs. M. S. Hunkins  
Spencer S. Kingman  
Hope Kingman  
Mrs. C. W. Thatcher  
Mary L. Dummage  
Mary H. Davidson  
Bernice O. Warren  
B. E. Hopkins  
W. T. Dummage  
Clara N. Kellogg  
Margaret E. Tooley  
Winifred Hope-Johnstone  
Ferdinand Burgdorff  
Ernestine Renzel  
Maude Isobel Hogle  
Flint Poke Coburn  
Jeanette H. Reynolds  
Howard Crittenden  
F. Narvaez  
Rebecca Narvaez  
B. W. Adams  
Stanley Wood  
Matthew Murphy  
Mattie E. Hopper  
Mrs. L. E. Payne  
Arline Payne  
John C. Orcutt  
G. Peet  
Peter Hanna  
F. O. Robbins  
J. A. Hitchcock  
Don Tuteur  
Jackson Bremer  
J. C. Mikel  
Dane Whitman  
Dorothy Perry Dobrzensky  
Margaret B. Gillett  
Mrs. J. L. Fulton  
Pauline Meeks

Mrs. S. D. Mitchell  
D. W. W. Johnson  
Maude M. Stewart  
Margaret P. Taylor  
Peter Taylor  
H. E. Riggs  
R. A. Norton  
Ruth W. Norton  
Mary E. Bishop  
Mrs. F. A. Almstead  
Pauline Pierson  
John W. Ham  
G. M. Lewis

## BUSEY TO RUN "MOVIES"

### AT THE GOLDEN BOUGH

H. K. Busey, who has been associated with Edward Kuster at the Theatre of the Golden Bough for the past year, has leased the theatre for two months this summer, and will show first run motion pictures at popular prices. He will start on May 27, 28, 29 and 30, showing "The Plastic Age" and "The Music Master." Mr. Busey, who is in odd moments a popular member of the Abalone League, is well fitted for this work. He was formerly of the Southern California Federated Theatre Corporation of Los Angeles and West Coast, and knows the picture game from the point of view of the public as well as the producer.

His first pictures are well chosen. "The Plastic Age" with Clara Bow, is based on modern collegiate life love, romance and thrills. This picture is taken from the book "Youth", which was recently suppressed in the wholesale sweep in the East. "The Music Master" is David Warfield's great stage success, and is too well known to need discussion. With all features Mr. Busey will show News, Comedies and Scenics. Music will be furnished by an accomplished pianist at the Steinway, there will be no rolls used.

All pictures shown will be first run features, and Mr. Busey has by special arrangement secured an early showing of "Masquerade", the picture made by Fox last September at Pebble Beach. The name has been changed from "Gaby". Over sixty extras from Carmel and the Peninsula were used in this picture, in the casino scenes at San Sebastian. Well known screen actors in the picture include George O'Brien, Virginia Valli, Farrell Macdonald William Powell, Joseph Jeffer-

## THE CARMEL CYMBAL

son. The well known actors from Carmel are too numerous to mention. The high standard of pictures chosen for summer showing in town makes up an excellent season's entertainment.

Professor and Mrs. W. Weeks of the University of California are in town for a vacation.

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## Masons Present Flag to Scouts at Honor Court

ON MONDAY night at the court of Honor of the Boy Scouts, Scout master Normand, on behalf of the Masonic Club of Carmel, presented the local patrol with a large American flag. On giving it to the patrol leaders, Mr. Normand said it would serve to remind the boys of their patriotic duty, help them to know the history of the flag, what it stands for, and what their forefathers sacrificed that it should be maintained. It was especially gratifying to know that the sponsoring body stood behind the local patrol.

The monthly Court of Honor was held Monday night in Sunset School auditorium, before a fair gathering of parents and friends of the scouts. Dr. Harry Brownell as chairman remarked that he was surprised to see more Monterey and Pacific Grove parents present than there were from Carmel. The meeting was turned over to Al Rhodes, popular assistant Scout master of this district, who called first, the tenderfoot scouts to the platform. There were many recruits, and the examining board consisted of scoutmasters of various troops and the councilmen of the Peninsula.

The second class scouts and first class groups were questioned as to the different requirements of scouting, interesting demonstrations were given of the "six man lift" of an injured man, and of the resuscitation of a drowning man. Several scouts wearing Merit badges received new ones, and told of their work to earn them.

Dr. Brownell told of an accident last week on the Salinas highway. An automobile overturned and the occupants were badly injured. A car with two Oakland boy scouts passed, and the scouts bandaged the injured ones and made them comfortable. When they were taken to the hospital the doctor congratulated the scouts on the excellent way their first aid was done.

Sheldon Gilmour of the District Council then spoke a few congratulatory words to the scouts. He stated that anything that helped the scouts helped the other people in the same way, and closed by saying "Boys, we're with you, keep a'coming".

Edward Simpson of Monterey asked all the people to interest themselves in the scouting movement, for in San Diego at a court of Honor there were 13,000 people present. The meeting closed with scouts giving the scout oath.

## PERSONAL MENTION

LAST Sunday night the Misses Elizabeth and Marian Parker of Highlands entertained at dinner at Pebble Beach Lodge in honor of their mother's birthday, and as a farewell to Mrs. Alice Josselyn, who is sailing on the S.S. Manoa for Honolulu today. The guests included: Messrs. and Mesdames Theodore Criley, Charles D. Parker Jr., Olin J. Cope Colonel and Mrs. Fletcher Dutton, Messrs. Franklin Murphy, Henry Hunter Talbert and Winsor Josselyn, and Ted Criley.

One of the most attractive dinner dances given in Carmel for some time was at the Mission Tea Room on Monday evening, when Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parker of Highlands entertained in honor of Mrs. George Stutsman and Mr. James Cooper Doud, whose birthdays fell on that day. The guests were in costume copied from the comic strips, and dinner was served at small tables. Some of the costumes were delightful. Mr. and Mrs. Parker received their guests as Admiral Bim, of the Australian navy, and Little Egypt, Mon Mullins sweetheart. Mr. and Mrs. George Stutsman were Boob McNutt and his girl, Mr. and Mrs. Woody Rowntree were Moon Mullins and Margy, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stanton, Douglas Fairbanks and Tilly the Toiler. Mrs. Mark Kelsey was the Masked Marvel, Mrs. Dorwall, Fritz Ritzzy; Frank Murphy was Micky, the gang leader, Jimmy Doud was the cannibal chief from the Katzenjammers, and John Ward was his aide. Billy Hudson was Jiggs.

Mr. Louisa B. Dutton has as her house guest Dr. Emily Harrison, who used to live in Carmel. Dr. Harrison has recently returned from London and Belfast.

Mrs. Joseph G. Hooper has opened her summer home "Maerd Emoh" for the summer. Mr. Hooper was in town over the week end, and Tom Hooper has arrived from the University of California.

Friends of Mrs. James Swinnerton will be sorry to hear that she is quite ill, and at present in a San Francisco hospital. Miss Mary Elizabeth Swinnerton, who has also been ill, has returned to her home in Palo Alto.

John Cooper was the host at one of the most delightful events of the Spring, a

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## To The Show-Off!

To the boy or girl, between the ages of 15 and 19, inclusive, of course, who brings in 3 Annual Subscriptions

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Production of

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Spanish barbecue at the beautiful Cooper ranch in the Big Sur Country, last Saturday. A number of Carmelites motored down, among them Messrs. and Mesdames Paul Whitman, George Stutsman, Charles Parker Jr., Robert Stanton, John Cooper Orcutt, Olin J. Cone, Mrs. William Argo, Misses Elizabeth and Marian Parker, Helen Benson of Salt Lake City, Messrs. Talbert and Winsor Josselyn, Leslie LeCron, James Doud, Billie Hudson and John Ward.

A party from Carmel Highlands, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Flavin, Colonel and Mrs. Fletcher Dutton, Mr. Theodore Criley, Miss Cynthia, Criley Theodore Jr. and Dick Criley, left Friday morning on a horseback trip into the hills. They returned on Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Theodore Criley was the house guest of Mrs. Carl Parker over the week end.

Joseph Hand, who has been visiting in Carmel and renewing acquaintances of many years, is returning to his Alameda home today.

Miss Eliot Coburn spent several days in San Francisco last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mays have returned to Carmel from Santa Fe, N. M., and are in the Mosher studio on Santa Lucia near Camino Real.

Miss Glenn Johnson came up from Southern California and was the guest of her cousin Mrs. Newmark.

Miss Grace Wickham spent the week end in Carmel, coming down with her mother, who had been visiting in San Francisco for a fortnight.

Lord and Lady Melville, and Miss Bellomy, of Scotland, and Mr. R. C. Baker of London, are staying at Hotel Del Monte for several days.

Mrs. S. S. Page of Chicago is the house guest of Mrs. Maude Arndt at Peter Pan Court for a week or ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. Traveyn Shand, Mrs. Sara Deming, and Miss Camilla Daniels motored to the Yosemite this week, and will return tomorrow.

Miss C. Groesbeck of New York City is staying at Old Cabin Inn for some time. She has been visiting friends in Berkeley and this fall will go to Oxford.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Sneyd-Kinnersley, who have had a house on the Peninsula for the winter have left for San Rafael where they will spend the summer. Next month they will be joined by their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Clarke of New York, and their small daughter Ann, who will remain in California for three months.

Mrs. Lillian McMorris Purdy was hos-

tes at a beautifully appointed dinner at the Mission Tea House last Thursday evening. Those invited were Dr. and Mrs. Wilson Davidson, Messrs. and Mesdames Robert Welles Ritchie, Jesse Lynch Williams, Eric Wilkinson, Mesdames Sara Deming, Valentine Mott Porter, R. Comins, Misses Ellen O'Sullivan, Catherine Groesbeck, Messrs. Laidlaw Williams and Charles Purdy.

Gordon Green and Thomas Hooper are in Carmel, having completed their Freshman year at the University of California.

Mrs. George M. Ball came down to Carmel for the week-end, returning to San Francisco on Sunday night.

Yodee Remsen returned to the offices of the Carmel Land Company this week, after an enforced holiday of several weeks owing to an injured foot.

Mrs. Guy P. Doyle is in town from cottage on Camino Real. Her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, Berkeley for a week, and has opened her were here over the week end.

Miss Marian Hollins, who has been visiting in Los Angeles for some time, is in San Mateo prior to leaving for her home in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Johnson entertained informally on Sunday evening when their guests included Messrs. and Mesdames George Lewis, Ray Woodward, Eric Wilkinson, Robert Stanton, Mesdames Percy Smith, Ralph Todd, William Argo, Miss Winifred Hope-Johnstone, Messrs.

## THE CARMEL CYMBAL

George Ball, Leslie LeCron, Ernest Schweninger and W. K. Bassett.

Dr. and Mrs. D. S. Pulford have returned to their home in Woodland, after spending a brief vacation period in Carmel.

The faculty and senior class of the Dominican College at San Rafael are holding their commencement exercises on Wednesday May 25. Miss Mary Shallue, well known in Carmel, where she has taken parts in many theatrical productions, notably "Merton of the Movies" and "In His Arms", and Miss Alice Martin, are graduating this year.

Dorothy Damianakes and ensemble will repeat their dance concert given at the Berkeley Playhouse on May 4 at the Theatre of The Golden Bough on June 24. Miss Damianakes has been the director of the University of California Parthenia for the last two years.



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and GET a GOOD DINNER



## Colman Completes Fine New Painting

ROY COLMAN has completed his large marine "The Warring Coast of Sur", and it has been on exhibition in his studio for the last week. In this picture Colman has topped any of his previous work. On the canvas it is six feet by four feet eight inches the artist has portrayed the roads of the sea. The large waves in the foreground give a tremendous weight to the water, and he has been very successful in breaking his color, so that besides the weight we get the luminosity of the waves. The distance is windswept, the rocks are wet and the foam is full of light and color.

Colman's grasp of the subject is far in advance of any of his previous pictures. "The Warring Coast of Sur" is pronounced by other artists to be one of the finest marines that has been painted here.

## The Nye Garden

By Elinor Smith

Nature Dept., Carmel Woman's Club

CARMEL is different" every one says; a stranger, watching for the "Differentness", becomes sure of at least one thing, that is of great charm, has nothing of pose or the poseur in it, but is all simplicity and beauty—the gar-store of lovely thing to this section; an enthusiastic lover of flowers exclaimed the other day, "On the Monterey Peninsula there is almost every flower that grows in the United States!" While this is a good deal of an exaggeration, the variety of wild flowers is really great, and what is perhaps more important for the lover of gardens, as flowers grow more quickly than shrubs, is the beauty and variousness of the latter.

The fact that so many—most, of the homes have gardens where the several kinds of manzanitas hang their fragrant little pink and white bells every winter and spring; the lovely blues of the mountain lilacs, on tall and graceful or cosy and compact bushes, as their species decree, lend us their rich fragrance; the airy clusters of tiny creamy adenostoma or chamise blossoms come to us when the earlier types have departed, and the quaint pagodas of the black or chia sage draw the honey bees in such abundance, lends a gracious, simple beauty to the pine and oak woods that no amount of sophisticated gardening could give, and is perhaps the keynote of Carmel' charm.

Add to this the delightful bits of color that a wisely chosen shrub yielding gay color not in the native scheme, a clump of flowers, wild or tame, just in the right spot, a delightfully dainty bed of ferns, fragrant and woodsy, with what seems to be Carmel's "specially own" flower, the cineraria, in its wealth of delicate, gay or rich tints; an irregular pool, with blossoming waterlilies floating on its surface, and you have a whole that those lines beloved

of many exactly describe:

"A garden is a lovely spot, God wot,  
Fringed pool, ferned grot—  
The veriest school of peace....."

No most cunning arrangement of the gardener's art can give just this serene and restful beauty that nature's planning yields, and the restrained use of other lovely things gives the touch of "belonging," livable charm that makes of a garden part of the home.

One of the perfect examples of this type of a garden is that belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Nye; the little various widened paths wander among the happy looking maze of green things growing—and blooming, to openings among the trees which command wonderful views of the sea, or vistas among the pines; a splash of scarlet against the green of shrubbery is given by our exquisite graceful wild columbines; and on the perfect day that it was my good fortune to enjoy the garden, a great

frog sat among the lily pads of the pool and added his soft "Spring Song" to those of the birds among the branches—a quaint and unique last touch.

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## Notes and Comment

**F**ORESTALLING, or, rather, antidoting the effects of smirks on the part of others, the editor of The Cymbal is smirking at himself following his reference last week to "Galahad" as having been written by Sir John Ervine. Stating this startling and wholly erroneous fact once was too many, but three times was a tragedy. A certain amount of guying is, of course, acceptable, but there is a limit, and we carefully eliminated the eastern publishers when we sent out The Cymbal last week.

**W**HEN we were very young there was a story we cherished and which we retold at every opportunity. It had to do with a man whose person had been expelled from the United States Supreme courtroom because his restlessness perturbed one of the justices. In the corridor, after the ejection, the man expostulated so vehemently that the b. darky guard at the portals said in all kindness: "If I was you, boss, I wouldn't monkey with those fella's in there, cus after you get through with them you aint got nob. to go to but God."

It never occurred to us then—it has since—that there are souls on this mean earth who have met the test of God and received from Him a verdict in their favor long before they even considered a appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States.

Anita Whitney is such an one.

If there is such a thing as a Great Book of Glory, her name is written on an open page.

Deep within her is a light of beauty that fades to drab the petty victories of those who have prosecuted and persecuted her, and that will carry her through "from one to fourteen years" if California maintains its reputation for being absurd and sends her to San Quentin.

And when comes that Angel with the Flaming Sword, in the hearts of those who stand behind him while he mows the wicked down will be burned the memories of the Anita Whitneys who have gone before.

Anita Whitney crosses Carmel hill today. On its brow she may lift her head to the eternal skies and say: "I have kept the faith".

**A**ND here in Carmel remains a man who is doing petty politics at the expense of our children. When W. T. Kibbler, as a member of the Monterey Union High school board, voted to place J. H. Graves in the position of principal of the school he knew, if he knows anything at all, that J. H. Graves is no more fitted for the principalship of Monterey high school than is the average political trough fly in Monterey county. And he was told as much last Friday when he walked into an ambush of some 45 parents of high school students and others inter-

ested in the high school. Kibbler had been told that a conference with him was desired in regard to the high school affairs. Kibbler pictured a group of half a dozen and he was perhaps prepared for half a dozen. But the 45 staggered him a bit and he had a difficult session.

And over and above the meeting with Kibbler hung the heavy atmosphere of the oft-repeated remark that has been heard in the past few months: "Graves has such a strong political pull that he cannot be removed." That started when it was learned that Graves was eating up a lot of tax money twirling un-dipped penholders in the outer office of the principal of Monterey High where he spent most of his time as superintendent of the city schools and "assistant principal" of Monterey.

The action of the high school board recently in removing F. M. Watenpaugh and appointing Graves in his place came as sudden and unexpected as such political moves generally come. Smarting under the reputation of poor scholarship that Monterey High School enjoyed throughout the state, the parents of the students have been desiring the removal of Waten-

## THE CARMEL CYMBAL

paugh, but they most assuredly did not desire to leap from a skittle into the coal oil burner.

And now they threaten to withdraw the 50-odd Carmel students and send them to Pacific Grove high unless the action naming Graves is rescinded. This would be a capital move.

Outside of his politics (and it is said that Kibbler has one eye cocked on the next state legislature) we would surely not consider the former city trustee a desirable man on the high school board. His action in the appointment of Graves is sufficient explanation of this opinion.

And the votes of Carmel did not send him to that board. It was the prevailing territory outside of this city but in his district, far from his home, that sent him there. Carmel people voted for, and wanted on the board, a man who had two children in the school, and who would certainly have never stood for Graves as the principal of the school.

Considerable will come of this.

Mrs. Robert Welles Ritchie is spending a few days in San Francisco, the guest of Mrs. Brunnell.

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# ARGO-NOUGHTS

THE new score board up at the Abalone Field was in place last Sunday, and came in for a number of wise cracks from the players and fans. It looks beautifully complicated, but a little course in higher mathematics enables you to read it. It gives the standing of the teams in both leagues, the score by innings of the game being played, the outs, strikes and balls are numbered, and for two punches you can find out the umpires middle name. But the piece de resistance is the large brass gong in the upper right corner that signals the runs scored. With a sense of fitness seldom equalled and never surpassed, the gong was secured from the old arena in Monterey where they used to stage the prizefights. Remembering certain events in the glorious past of the Abalone league and being hopeful for the future, there is no reason to feel that the gong is out of place.

It happened at luncheon at Sally's. So many things do. Win Hope-Johnstone was being extremely Irish and reviling the editor of a San Francisco daily who had printed in his sporting section that the Irish Woman's Golf championship games were being played at some town in England. The editor of The Cymbal wanted to make peace so he turned to me and said "Hilda, it would be a good idea if you would run standing of the Abalone clubs." Before I could speak (and that will show you just how she snapped him up) Win turned and asked, "How on earth can you run standing?"

George Ball interrupted in a disgusted manner. "Well, I'd like to know how you'd run sitting down."

Strolling to The Cymbal office the other morning I stopped in Bonnie Gottfried's new Sport Shop to look at the handmade riding crops that she was unpacking and she said, "This morning I found a four-leaf clover. All my life I have wanted to find one and never did, but now I shall certainly have good luck." Fortuna (see questionnaire number 2) must have heard her, for listen what happened. When she arrived home that evening she found her younger child had broken out with measles, when she thought he was only suffering from a slight cold; she had forgotten to bring her Game Cock books home from the shop, and she blew the rear tire on her automobile.

Now Bonnie steps right over the clover beds in front of the Seven Arts, they simply don't interest her.

Rem Remsen is back once more in Carmel, so repartee has taken a turn for the better. Unfortunately he is consumed with a desire to better the town. All sorts of things get him hot and bothered,

and one day this week he undertook to tell a group of interested friends how Eliot and Marian's shop could be made to look more up to date.

"It's all the fault of these dress model things" said Rem, pointing to a slender-fluted black stand with a cross bar, holding a new Paris Sport gown. "With the present trend towards slimness these stands are too heavy, and not tall enough, the hem of the dress is too near the floor."

He was met by a cold silence, and rather self-conscious glances at the length of the model dress. This didn't stop him. As he went out the door he paused a moment and gazed at the array of meat in the new shop next door. Then he called, "Oh, I say Marian, why don't you dress this meat?"

PAUL Mays told me an amusing story about Henry L. Mencken's reactions after his recent trip to California. Lawson Pendleton, Mrs. Mays' brother, who is at present in Southern California, is much interested in the movement for a statue of Walt Whitman erected in this state, and wrote to his friend Mencken about it. His reply ran as follows:

"I congratulate you on your courage, but when the Christian pastors of your town hear of it, you will have a hell of a time getting that statue!"

Mays and his wife, who paints also, are back in Carmel, where they will remain

this summer. No other spot has the lure of Carmel, and no other art center in America or Europe has the same wide appeal to the young artist and his charming wife. Mrs. Mays likes Carmel because it reminds her of so many different parts of Europe. At once the conversation turned to the rocky coast, like that of Brittany, and the lupin-covered hills, that look like dits of Scotland, with the heather blue against the stark ground.

"The sea makes Carmel what it is" said Mr. Mays. "It is ever changing, different every day, with colors new and shifting, fading into the horizon. Oh yes, Carmel is much better than any inland town."

At present the Mays have an exhibition on at the Biltmore in Los Angeles, which will go East to Philadelphia and Cleveland. Paul Mays work has taken a new turn since he lived in Carmel several years ago, he is following a new path. Then, he explained, his work was too much along practical lines, now he has returned to the ideas he had when, full of ambition and courage he left his old Colonial home and started to Europe to study under the great masters. At the Cunard offices he found large signs, "Sailing Postponed". It was August, 1924. Thinking that the war, which was sure to be over in a month or two, was interfering with his career in a rather disconcerting and annoying manner, Mays came out to California, and wrote and painted here, later returning to New York. He has spent the past year or two abroad, but like so many others, finds the lure of Carmel irresistible, and Mrs. Mays likes it just as well.

—HILDA ARGO.

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## Edward Paramore's "Masterpiece"

THERE was a time when, in a party of a certain grade of sobriety, one of two kindred souls were gathered together, someone would start "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" and the rest would permit him to proceed.

Nowadays, in a party of a similar grade of sobriety, or worse, "The Shooting of Dan McGrew", if only started, brings the direction of shooting at the head of the person who starts it. Instead, there is another verse that is accepted gladly. It is "The Ballad of Yukon Jake", written by Edward Paramore Jr., one-time publicity director for the Del Monte Properties company, and at present a successful playwright in New York. His play, "Set a Thief" had quite a run on Broadway recently.

According to press notices Paramore is "known as a highbrow" among the writers. Those who have heard "The Ballad of Yukon Jake" are glad that he got a little "low" when he conceived the idea. The Cymbal re-prints here the famous, or infamous, poem. In doing so it is following in the footsteps of Vanity Fair which printed it originally and re printed it twice.

### THE BALLAD OF YUKON JAKE

Oh the North Countree is a hard countree

That mothers a bloody brood;  
And its icy arms hold hidden charms  
For the greedy, the sinful and lewd.  
And strong men rust from the gold and the lust

That sears the Northland soul,  
But the wickedest born, from the Pole to the Horn,  
Is the Hermit of Shark Tooth Shoal.

Now Jacob Kaime was the Hermit's name  
In the days of his pious youth  
Ere he cast a smirch on the Baptist church  
By betraying a girl named Ruth.  
But now men quake at "Yukon Jake",  
The Hermit of Shark Tooth Shoal.  
For that is the name that Jacob Kaime  
Is known by from Nome to the Pole.

He was just a boy and the Parson's joy  
(Ere he fell for the gold and the muck),  
And had learned to pray, with the hogs  
and the hay

On a farm near Keokuk,  
But a Service tale of illicit kale—  
And whiskey and women wild—  
Drained the morals clean as a soup-tureen  
From this poor but honest child.  
He longed for the bite of a Yukon night  
And the Northern Light's weird fliker,  
Or a game of stud in the frozen mud,  
And the taste of raw red licker.  
He wanted to mush along in the slush  
With a team of huskie hounds,  
And to fire his gat at a beaver hat  
And knock it out of bounds.

So he left his home for the hell-town  
Nome,

On Alaska's ice-ribbed shores,  
And he learned to curse and to drink, and worse—

Till the rum dripped from his pores,  
When the boys on a spree were drinking it free

In a Malamute saloon  
And Dan Megrew and his dangerous crew  
Shot craps with a piebald coon;  
When the kid on his stool banged away like a fool,

At a jag-time melody  
And the barkeeper vowed, to the hard-boiled crowd,  
That he'd cree-mate Sam McGee

Then Jacob Kaime, who had taken the name

Of Yukon Jake, the killer,  
Would rake the dive with his forty-five  
Till the atmosphere grew chiller,  
With a sharp command he'd make 'em stand

And deliver their hard-earned dust,  
Then drink the bar dry, of rum and rye,  
As a Klondike bully must,  
Without coming to blows he would tweak the nose

Of Dangerous Dan Megrew  
And becoming bolder, throw over his shoulder

The Lady that's known as Lou.

Oh, tough as a steak was Yukon Jake—  
Hardboiled as a picnic egg,  
He washed his shirt in the Klondike dirt,  
And drank his rum by the keg.  
In fear of their lives (or because of their wives)

He was shunned by the best of his pals,  
An outcast he, from the comraderie  
Of all but wild animals.

So he bought him the whole of Shark Tooth Shoal,  
A reef in the Bering Sea,  
And he lived by himself on a sea lion's shelf

In a lonely iniquity.

But miles away, in Keokuk, Ia.,  
Did a ruined maiden fight  
To remove the smirch from the Baptist Church

By bringing the heathen Light.  
And the Elders declared that all would be squared

If she carried the holy words  
From her Keokuk Home to the hell-town Nome

To save those sinful birds.  
So two weeks later she took a freighter  
For the gold-cursed land near the Pole,  
But Heaven ain't for the lass that's betrayed  
She was wrecked on Shark Tooth Shoal!

All hands were tossed in the Sea, and lost—  
All but the maiden Ruth,  
Who swam to the edge of the sea lion's ledge  
Where abode the love of her youth,

He was hunting a seal for his evening meal  
(He handled a mean harpoon)

When he saw at his feet, not something to eat,

But a girl in a frozen swoon.  
Whom he dragged to his lair by her dripping hair,

And he rubbed her knees with gin,—  
To his great surprise, she opened her eye  
And revealed his original sin!

His eight-months' beard grew stiff and weird

And it stung like a chestnut burr,  
And he swore by his gizzard, and the Arctic blizzard,

That he'd do right by her.  
But the cold sweat froze on the end of her nose

Till it gleamed like a Tecla pearl,  
While her bright hair fell, like a flame from hell,

Down the back of the grateful girl,  
But a hopeless rake was Yukon Jake,  
The Hermit of Shark Tooth Shoal!  
And the dizzy maid he rebetrayed  
And wrecked her immortal Soul!

Then he rowed her ashore, with a broken oar,

And sold her to Dan Megrew  
For a husky dog and a hot egg-nog  
As rascals are wont to do.

Now Ruthless Ruth is a maid uncouth  
With scarlet cheeks and lips,  
And she sings rough songs to the ribald throngs

That come from the sealing ships.  
For a rouge-stained kiss from this infamous miss

They will give a seal's sleek fur,  
Or perhaps a sable, if they are able;  
It's much the same to her.

Oh, the North Countree is a rough countree,

That mothers a bloody brood;  
And its icy arms hold hidden charms  
For the greedy, the sinful and lewd,  
And strong men rust from the gold and the lust

That sears the northland soul,  
But the wickedest born from the Pole to the Horn,

Was the Hermit of Shark Tooth Shoal.

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CARMEL



# How Much Do You Know About Carmel and Vicinity? Try The Cymbal's Questionnaire!

THE Cymbal offers three annual subscriptions to the paper, to be sent anywhere you may select, for the person who correctly answers the largest number of the following questions. Answers must be in The Cymbal office by noon, Monday, May 30. They must be written on the blank spaces after the questions, on the form in The Cymbal today.

Here, then is a test of what you know, or are agile enough to learn, about Carmel and its vicinity. Ready—go!

1. What is the highest peak in the Coast Range mountains and where is it?

Ans. ....

2. How high is it?

Ans. ....

3. Who founded the Forest Theater?

Ans. ....

4. How old is Delos Curtis?

Ans. ....

5. Who is the longest bona fide resident (still a resident) of Carmel?

Ans. ....

6. Who led the fire department to a fire in the forest, riding a white horse with her hair streaming behind her?

Ans. ....

7. What artist recently bought a home on Monte Verde street?

Ans. ....

8. How many additions are there to Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Ans. ....

9. What mineral was mined near Carmel in the 80's and where is the mine?

Ans. ....

10. Who is the best dressed man in Carmel?

Ans. ....

13. Where was the first abalone cannery in Monterey county?

Ans. ....

14. Where is J. A. Easton?

Ans. ....

15. What was the first hotel in Carmel and where was it located?

Ans. ....

16. Where was the Carmel postoffice

first located?

Ans. ....

17. What two men first conceived Carmel-by-the-Sea and brought it into being?

Ans. ....

18. Who were Carmel's two first famous stage drivers?

Ans. ....

19. Why was Carmel so named?

Ans. ....

20. Who was Carmel's first high school student?

Ans. ....

21. Who owned and operated Carmel's first garage and where was it located?

Ans. ....

22. Who moved the Sphinx? Where was it put? Who returned it.

Ans. ....

23. How old is Joe Hand?

Ans. ....

24. Where does the Carmel-San Simon highway begin?

Ans. ....

25. Name three Missions in Monterey county.

Ans. ....

26. What national park is located in Monterey County: where is it?

Ans. ....

27. What national forest reserve is in Monterey county?

Ans. ....

28. What famous battle was fought in Monterey county in early California history? Where? Who were the opposing generals?

Ans. ....

29. What is the legal name of Carmel?

Official government name?

Ans. ....

30. What minerals are profitably mined in Monterey county?

Ans. ....

31. What event took place in Monterey county in 1908 that drew world-wide attention?

Ans. ....

32. In the early days of the Forest theater what organizations fought for supremacy?

Ans. ....

Ans. ....

33. Name two Carmelites who became famous (locally) as prohibition sleuths.

Ans. ....

Ans. ....

34. Who is the Great White Father of Abalone baseball?

Ans. ....

(Remember—Send in your answers on this blank torn from the paper.)

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# Here's The Cymbal's Continued Story, Done By Unappreciated Ones -- Up to a Certain Point

**T**HIS should be interesting.

The Cymbal is printing the first chapter of an original story which in all is to have seven chapters. Each chapter is to be written by a different person, the first six by amateurs, some of whom have done some writing or are interested in writing. The last chapter, we hope, will be done by one of Carmel's authors of prominence. We may be successful in obtaining this "professional" aid, but whether we do or not the plan should prove entertaining.

Grasping opportunity by the front hair, and taking advantage of his position, the editor of The Cymbal has written the first chapter, creating the characters and opening up a situation which may, or may not, be carried out. If it is not carried out it is intended that the deviation shall be logical. It is stipulated that the characters are to keep "in character" and while humor may be interpolated (we hope it is) the general idea shall be a serious one—that is, serious as far as is concerned the intention to make a real story out of the thing.

At the close of each chapter the name of the person who will write the next one will be announced.

Here is the first chapter:

## What's It All About?

Chapter I

By W. K. B.

Morning sunlight reached through the pantry window and laid a wreath of gold upon the head of Marian Wayne. Oblivious to the crown of glory, Marian vigorously rubbed white powder along the handle of a dessert spoon. She was cleaning the family silver, a responsibility no maid to the service born had ever assumed to the complete satisfaction of the mistress of the house.

As she laboured she could hear the muffled footfalls of her father in his room above, making final preparations for his departure for the day. Timing her determined rubs on the spoon handle to the

rhythm of the words, she quoted:

Stars in a purple dusk above the roof-tops  
Fade in a saffron mist and seem to die,  
While I myself on a swiftly-tilting planet,  
Stand before a glass and tie my tie.

And the tie would not be properly executed, Marian thought. And, too, as he sometimes did, her father would probably call his "goodbye" from the front hall out into the depths of the house and depart without her final inspection. With a light laugh and a twinkle in her eye she lifted her head and burst into song:

O, give us a drink, bartender, bartender,  
For we love you as you know;  
Surely you will oblige us, oblige us  
With a little drop or so.  
When we're drunk, just roll us in our  
bun—

It's nobody's business but our own;  
Nobody's business, nobody's—

The pantry door swung in with a jerk, and Marian wheeled to face her scandalized father.

Her "Well, lets see how you look, Dad?" crashed in mid-air against her father's irate protest.

"Marian, I want that drunk song cut out of your repertoire. It gets on my nerves. I heard you and Bayes yelling it at the piano the other evening and you stopped just in time to prevent my going in there and throwing him out."

"Why, Dad, that wouldn't have been pretty," she declared with her eyes knit in an expression of censure as she palmed the dessert spoon dexterously and see-sawed her father's dignified brow until it assumed the proper angle to the point of his chin. "That wouldn't have been at all pretty. It would have been so unbecoming in you."

"Well, I was wrought up to that point," he fumed, with an effort at patient submission to her adjustment of his neckwear. "I can't imagine where you pick up that sort of thing. Anyone to hear you would think this is a road-house. If four years at one of our great American colleges has so stultified—"

"Ooh, that's a two-bit word," she

laughed, and then relenting at his expression of horror, "Well, I won't sing it anymore. Sammy delivered me a lecture the other night about it, after he had joined in on my request. You and Sammy are amusing sometimes. One would think you were actually worrying about my sobriety. I promise you that I have no bartenders on my list of acquaintances. Why, in fact there aren't any bartenders, are there?" she added in the tone of enlightenment. "Prohibition has put them all out of business, hasn't it?"

"No, it hasn't," he answered, forlornly, as though the burden of law-enforcement were on his shoulders. "They don't wear white aprons now-a-days and they will not respond openly to the refrain of that song of yours, but you can find them rather readily if you have a mind to."

"Sammy said something of the same sort," she replied, following her father to the front door, flicking a speck from his shoulder. "You know he's quite interested in prohibition. He knows all about bootleggers. He's helping them. His firm, you know, represents them. Sammy says they have lots of money and it's a good business."

"He likes it, does he?" he asked contemptuously.

"O, no!" she explained quickly. "He doesn't like it, but he says a lawyer has to help every client get a square deal in court. That's fair, isn't it?"

"What do you think about it?" her father asked.

"About what—liquor or—?"

"Well, about liquor?"

"Why I haven't thought about it," she answered.

Martin Wayne put his hand on her shoulder and kissed her. "Let's hope you will never have to think about it," he said, as he turned to the door.

Back again at her silver polishing Marian gave thought to her father's parting remark.

"I wonder what he meant by that?" she asked herself. "If he's thinking of one Samuel Coleridge Bayes, he's all wrong. It's difficult to contemplate Sammy and booze in the same room. I really believe

24,000

DILL

PICKLES



and gee! they're good pickles!

Three of 'em for a nickel!

Fifteen cents a dozen till they're gone!

Come in and see 'em---you can't  
finger 'em, but you can look em over.

BYRON NEWELL



that you couldn't get Sammy to take a drink with alcohol in it if he were dying for the need of the stuff." And then, as though she felt it necessary to defend Bayes from the charge of prudishness, "No, it isn't that he's a moralist about it; just doesn't seem to be necessary to his method of getting along in life. Intoxicated? Yes, he gets intoxicated! He's intoxicated over a mere chit of a girl right now. Isn't he, Marian Wayne, mere chit of a girl?" She asked the question of her distorted reflection in the back of a cake knife, and then reversed it for a consideration of the handle where an Old English "W" was engraved. She visualized a "B" in its place and decided that it must be a block "B".

Her reveries were broken by the soft approach of the maid.

"Dinner tonight, Miss?" she asked laconically.

Marian cogitated.

"Well, lets see," she said with a thoughtful gaze on her polishing chamois. "Mr. Bayes will be here this evening. For salad he likes pineapple. Get a fresh pineapple and serve it in whole slices with grated cheese, mayonnaise and a leaf of lettuce. Green peas would be a nice vegetable, or you might cook them with new potatoes. Then we'll have a roast. I'll talk to the butcher personally about that. And you may make some apple dumplings and I'll cook some of that sweet sauce that Mr. Wayne dotes on. What else do you think of Annie?"

"Soup, Miss?"

"Oh yes. We'll have—cream of tomato will be good. Now soup, pineapple salad, roast and peas and new potatoes and apple dumplings." She checked off the list with beats of the cake knife. "There is not an over abundance of style about that and I don't know about vitamins, but it'll do for two hungry men. It has a New England homeliness about it, at least, and it's filling."

She turned back to her labors on the silver, stopping occasionally to renew the visualization of the prospective "B" on the handles. It must be a block letter she decided—more dignified than script or Old English, and the career, or profession, of Samuel Coleridge Bayes demanded dignity. What more stately than the law?

"If the court please, it shall be a block letter," she addressed a salad fork as she spread the powder over it. She had whimsically used this introduction the evening previous when an aura of ecstasy had been thrown about Samuel Coleridge Bayes just before she had let him out of the warm hall into the chill of a winter night and the mysterious flashes of the moving lights from the bay.

"If the court please, it shall be a block while he held her hands and hung on her words with the boyish terror that had marked his juvenile attempts to maintain his equilibrium on a swinging bar. "If the Court please, I am disposed to look with favor on your suit. If you arrive tomorrow evening promptly in time for dinner—and, take notice, I said 'promptly'

—and come bearing the gift of that certain platinum, diamond-studded circlet I have particularly chosen down at Shreve's, and if my illustrious father returns to his home in a pleasant frame of mind, I am reasonably certain that I will welcome you with open arms, accept the gift and advise my paternal parent of the state of affairs and the impending disintegration of his household."

She had taken a new breath and rejected his hands as restraining her from him and somewhere in the proximity of his collar she had murmured with less dignity and court etiquette:

"Oh, Sammy, I love you so!"

So it was that on this way while Marian Wayne was cleaning the family silver Samuel Coleridge was traversing a downtown street with airy step and speeding exultantly on an errand of mercy. That he was manifestly ignored as an individual by those with whom he contended for openings in the opposing streams of humanity struck him as peculiarly singular. It was incredible that these people he overtook and passed were not brought to awful wonder at the very evident fact that this man was not actually walking on the pavement, but a good two inches above it.

His errand was of no personal concern to him. It was in the interests of a client of the law firm in which he aspired to become eventually the junior partner. This client had been suspected by the United States government of activities which were in violation of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution. In fact, so extended was the scope of these suspicions that their subject was even then reposed in the city jail. Sammy had been instructed to obtain a copy of the information on which this summary action had been taken and to determine the amount of bail necessary to alleviate temporarily, at least, the condition in which the client found himself.

He had done this and was repairing to the open air which he found more conducive to a resumption of his ethereal existence, when an enthusiastic agent of the prohibition enforcement squad accosted him with the request that he sample the synthetic poison that had been the spoils of a raid earlier in the day.

Bayes rebelled. He didn't want to taste it. If it had been an offering of the most lawfully-created and delightfully exhilarating Charatreuse, described as the imprisoned laughter of French peasant girls, he would have refused it. Prohibition had been but a word to Sammy before he had actively taken up the law. Now, it only

increased his connotation to a matter of briefs and answers and motions. It prohibited something he never had been interested in to the slightest degree. Sammy did not drink—never had. He was not a moralist about it. He found his intoxication in fields more circumspect, but none the less exhausting. But his protests proved unacceptable to the prohibition agent. So Bayes permitted a drop of the stuff to spread over his tongue and swallowed the evaporation with an effort. His wry face was sufficient expression of his opinion for the ardent agent and Bayes fled from the building to recall his vision.

That afternoon, having excused himself from his professional associates on the plea of important private business, which was more than mere truth and exceedingly justifiable, he dropped in at the office of Marian's father to ascertain the state of that most important person's temperament, presaging what it might be on his entrance to his home that evening for dinner.

Bayes was in search of a "pleasant state of mind", and his quest seemed rewarded. Martin Wayne met him with a smile, offered a cigarette and with no further formality, but considerable enthusiasm for one of his age and dignity, produced from his desk a sample of what he declared to be the best Grade A. rock his firm had ever cast its covetous eyes upon.

"And we can get it for almost nothing from a kid just out of college who found sixteen acres of it in his stocking last Christmas," he explained.

Bayes walked behind Wayne's chair and bent far over to gaze at the rock. Together they scrutinized it intently and then suddenly Wayne straightened up, replaced the rock in the drawer of his desk and directed an intent glance at the younger man at his side.

Bayes was oblivious to the stare.

"Will see you at dinner tonight," he offered, jovially. "Marian admits me as a guest."

He had grasped his hat and was again at the door of the office. Martin Wayne halted him with a gesture.

"Young man, do you drink?" he demanded.

Bayes stood puzzled. Then answered, deliberately:

"Never took a drink in my life—and that's only half of it. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. Just thought I'd ask," answered Wayne, still looking penetratingly at him.

Bayes smiled and went out.

(The next chapter will be written by Katharine Cooke)

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# William Randolph Hearst

(Second Part)

(From The New Yorker)

A Harvard Willie Hearst's destiny was shaped. The pale, loose-jointed, apparently lazy youth from California displayed no personal interest in sports. He became, however, a bug on American history, especially political history, developed an enthusiasm for two early sturdy Presidents, Jefferson and Jackson, and was known as something of an expert on their lives and times. He had heard his father speak of himself as a "Jeffersonian Democrat," though it is true that Senator Hearst, when pinned down, became a little rambling in his definition of the term.

Away from the gentle censorship of his mother, nineteen-year-old Willie began to enjoy life. He drank beer and smoked cigarettes surreptitiously, with the other "men"; and he sang comic songs to his own banjo accompaniment in a way to make you weep. At Harvard the diffidence of his later years was not noticeable. He affected Piccadilly clothes and chromatic scarves. In after years a plainsman's Stetson and dark frock coat contents him, although it is noticeable that he still likes a snappy eighteen-dollar necktie of silk.

For some reason the lad became interested in college journalism, and within two years he was on the staff of the Lampoon. Also, he became a member of the Hasty Pudding Club. In 1885, he appeared in a Hasty Pudding show called "Joan of Arc, or, The Old Maid of Orleans," and, prophetically enough, played the part of Pretzel, a German valet, with a penchant for legerdemain!

On the Lampoon his genius for the journalism of the era first manifested itself. He became business manager, later managing editor, still later the whole works. The Lampoon, like most college organs, had been limping along financially hit or miss. Under Hearst, the paper began to make money—began also to be quoted throughout the country. Profits piled up so fast that the youthful director and his mates were put to it in the matter of dissipating surpluses. There were frequent enough banquets in Boston tap-rooms partially to meet this problem, but often, while envious campus gossip had him at such affairs, the youth from California was really indulging his flair for journalism. He haunted the editorial and press rooms of Boston newspapers where he talked to everyone from oilers to owners, made himself a damned nuisance at times, and was told so. But he gained a working knowledge of the way newspapers are made. He learned, too, that more, much more than the wave of a wand was necessary to cause the morning paper to appear at the breakfast table.

One evening some of his gay mates on the Lampoon found him stretched on the floor of his room, eagerly examining the

leading newspapers of the country. Editor Hearst extracted one paper from the pile. It was the New York World, established two years previously by Joseph Pulitzer. "Say, fellows," drawled the youth on the floor, "do you know who's running the best paper in the country? It's a man named Pulitzer down in New York. I've been studying his methods and I think I have caught on to what he is trying to do."

Willie's father at this time had been appointed to the United States Senate to fill out an unexpired term (later he was regularly elected). Following in his father's footsteps, young Hearst was an ardent Democrat. Most of his playmates were Republicans, but the night of Cleveland's first election, in November, 1884, they all joined in a rip-roaring night-long celebration sponsored by Willie. There were hired bands, a parade and a grand banquet, with the result that Hearst was hauled before the Dean and severely lectured. He managed to weather the storm, though, until many months thereafter, when he gave his next grand blow-out. This time he was actually rusticated.

Willie came to New York, hung around the newspaper offices for a time, and then formed a mighty resolve. Two weeks later he was in earnest conference with his father in San Francisco. Senator Hearst, flustered, his wind-beaten countenance a bewildered red, summoned the manager of the tiny San Francisco Examiner which the Senator had purchased solely for political purposes.

"Tom," spluttered old George Hearst, "suppose a man made a great success of a newspaper, greater than anybody ever made—how much could he profit?"

"Oh," replied the manager, "maybe a hundred thousand a year."

"Hell!" exploded Hearst senior. "That ain't money! What do you think, Tom? I been saving the Examiner to unload on some enemy, and along comes my boy Bill and says he wants to take it over. He won't take the mines or the ranches or the horses or something useful. But hell! he's so set guess I better let him have his way."

San Francisco laughed when the news got around that George Hearst's dude son from Harvard was going to be a news paper proprietor. At that time the Examiner was easily the worst daily paper in San Francisco. Senator Hearst had bought it only because it was the fashion for every politician to own a few papers. The sheet was a joke; it printed four sad-looking pages each afternoon and had practically no advertising. The first thing young Bill did was to turn it into a morning newspaper.

Within eight years My Boy Bill had converted the Examiner into the greatest feature newspaper in the West—and by far the greatest money maker on the Coast.

No man ever mastered the root elements of newspaper journalism so speedily as the tall youth, fresh from college. From the first, he manifested uncanny ability at anticipating public opinion. He knew what would please the mass even before the mass began to move toward his bargain counter, with its calliope, gaudy headlines, juicy morsels and (later) colored supplements, cartoons and comic strips. Years later, that ironic and terrible infant, Stephen Crane, was to say about him: "Nobody understands the popular mind as well as Oscar Hammerstein unless it's Willie Hearst. I see no difference between the Journal and Hammerstein's roof garden. You get the blonde with the tin can in her gullet and the comic speaker and the song about mother's wayward boy in both shows."

The Examiner's circulation boomed from practically nothing to eighty thousand—this in a community of three hundred thousand. Within three months San Francisco no longer laughed. Hearst talked about person there. He launched a dizzy series of crusades, campaigns and spectacular exploits; forced the street-car companies to put fenders on the trolleys, and attacked grafting politicians. "Annie Laurie" (Winifred Black) became the first of the famous sob sisters. She "fainted" on Market Street, was removed to the public hospital in an ambulance, and within thirty-six hours the Examiner screamed a sensational expose of conditions in the city institutions of healing.

The Examiner began to be quoted and watched all over the country. It printed the first news of the hoisting of the American flag in Honolulu, the only special cable of the Samoan disaster. It published the largest paper ever printed until that time in this country, a hundred and twenty pages. Hearst spent eighty thousand dollars to get out a special edition in Washington in an effort to secure a national Republican convention for San Francisco; he sent a special train to the World's Fair, filled with California public-school children; he built a children's hospital through Christmas charity schemes. He was, moreover, the first man to illustrate a San Francisco newspaper.

Hearst early staffed the Examiner with the best reporters, editors and business executives he could find. Enterprise had never before been carried so far. Distance, cost, labor—nothing daunted him. Men began to flock to his service. He secured, among others, Samuel S. Chamberlain as chief of the editorial staff of his paper. Hearst and Chamberlain were cut from the same bolt. "The story's the thing." In San Francisco and later in New York they carried personal journalism to the very limit of its development.

Until the end of his life, a big story



could always lure Sam Chamberlain from his desk. During a political upheaval in the Sandwich Islands, Chamberlain bobbed up along with numerous other American correspondents. A lordly, impressive figure of a man, he mingled with the people of the court, gave elaborate suppers, and so ingratiated himself with the native Queen that she spent hours with the magnetic young American and told every detail of what would be termed her "life story" in these tabloid days. Chamberlain and the Queen wrote the interview together and he guarded her from other reporters until the steamer, San Francisco-bound, was ready to warp out of the dock. Whereupon he rushed down to the vessel and, as the gangplank was being pulled in, exultantly waved his priceless manuscript at his disconsolate rivals on the wharf.

Chamberlain never made a mistake. Although his enterprises cost a great deal of money, they proved to be paying investments. During the Hopkins-Searles will case in Boston, he ordered a complete verbatim report for the Examiner. The paper paid telegraph tolls on seventeen thousand words and the people of California devoured the story.

Meantime Hearst had become an amateur camera fiend. He employed the first staff photographer on the Coast. Dashing off on trips to Europe and the Near East, Hearst took pictures wherever he went. As he travelled he photographed celebrities and strange animals, made his way into the interior of a harem, flash-lighted the bats beneath the Pyramids and sent stories and photographs to Chamberlain to be printed in the Examiner.

Amid all the vaudeville, Hearst retained his curiously detached personality, but below lay the bold spirit of a buccaneer. He had demonstrated that he could plan and execute big projects. He could inspire and alarm. Then, in 1895, he conceived a project that was inspiring to Chamberlain and himself, although it alarmed his business advisors.

This alarming decision was to transfer the Examiner idea to New York—for he had determined to become a national factor in journalism. The project was bold. While the Examiner was coining money, Hearst had not been noted for his economy and there was no great sum tuckered away. His father had died four years before, leaving seventeen million dollars, which would come to his son eventually; but at that time the funds needed immediately for the New York experiment were not available. The young publisher, therefore, went to his mother and told her he had an opportunity to buy for a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a wavering, fugitive sort of newspaper in New York called the Morning Journal.

"I'll need a lot of money to enter the New York field," he told her.

Without hesitancy Mrs. Hearst offered to advance any money Willie wished. Hearst closed the deal for the Journal and within a few weeks received from his

mother seven million and a half dollars.

In the fall of 1895 Hearst burst like a star shell upon Park Row, an audacious juvenile riding out of the West for a joust to the death with the outstanding genius of modern journalism, Joseph Pulitzer. Hearst promptly proved his audacity. He raided rival offices, doubled salaries, violated every sort of tradition, and gave New York such a display of fireworks as never was before and probably never will be again.

To begin with, he changed the name of the paper to read "New York Journal, W. R. Hearst, proprietor." Then he advertised radically and challengingly, in trade organs and the other papers, brought Chamberlain and others with him to New York. It was at this time that he marshalled about him the most impressive staff of regular and special correspondents ever assembled upon an American newspaper: Julius Chamberlain, Julian Ralph, Stephen Crane, Edgar Saltus, Murat Halstead, Henry W. Fischer, Julian Hawthorne, Richard Harding Davis, W. J. Henderson, Alan Dale, James L. Ford, "Nym Crinkle," et al. Davis went to St. Petersburg and reported the coronation of the Czar, exclusively for the Journal. Ralph was sent to London, Fischer to Berlin, Halstead to Cuba. As "Dan Quinn," Alfred Henry Lewis wrote for Hearst the best Western stories since Bret Harte's. Hearst developed a genius for picking the right man for the right job, plucking him more often than not from Pulitzer. When he launched an evening edition of the Journal, he even stole Mr. Pulitzer's publisher, and installed him in the position of news editor of the Evening Journal.

At that time there was a young man from Maine, named Morrill Goddard, in Pulitzer's employ. For ten years past he had kept New York in sensations, as editor of the World's Sunday magazine. In Goddard's fertile brain had originated nearly every "freak" scheme for startling the masses. Early in 1896 Hearst hired Goddard to his side. One of the comparatively unknown men in the Hearst service, Goddard still gets up the freakish lurid ideas for the Sunday supplements with more success than any of his imitators, and it is said, earns more than a hundred thousand per annum.

Within a few weeks of Willie's arrival in New York, the Hearst-Pulitzer feud was in full blast. Hearst's circulation went forward in great bounds. Sometimes it was doubly weekly. Within ten months the Morning Journal had grown from forty-two thousand to four hundred and twenty thousand and was cutting into every paper in New York. Pulitzer was the only rival who really fought back. He and Hearst raided each other's business and editorial staffs, to the vast joy of innocent bystanders and of a large number of writers, artists and journalists.

At that time R. F. Outcault's "Yellow Kid" was the big feature in colored cartoons. Hearst took Outcault from the World. There was a legal fight, injunctions and the like. At one time both

the World and the Journal printed "Yellow Kid" strips (just as both now print "Katzenjammers") and the Sunday issues were wrapped in the saffron section. It was during this period that the Sun satirically termed the Hearst-Pulitzer school "Yellow Journalism."

Within a short time, Hearst had built up an unexampled array of "features." But continued progress in the metropolitan field was dependent also upon the breaking of "live" news. Therefore, various sporadic outbursts of groups of patriots in Cuba who were agitating for freedom from Spanish rule were welcomed by the Hearst organization. Cuba was only a canoe length, comparatively, from our shores, and naturally interest could easily be stirred in a tiny island seeking freedom from despotic European rule. Hearst sent Murat Halstead and others to Cuba with instructions to "stir things up." Some of the correspondents were expelled by the Spanish military authorities, but the Journal managed to get the news and to make the news.

In establishing an evening edition of the Journal, early in 1896, Hearst had made his boldest move. He peered about for another executive, a circulation go-getter, and preferably a writer of popular appeal. He found his man in young Arthur Brisbane, whom Pulitzer had placed temporarily in charge of the Evening World. Brisbane came over to Hearst for a mere two hundred dollars a week, plus a simple little bonus arrangement. This alliance first made between Hearst, the boy publisher, and Brisbane, the youthful editor, is now in its thirty-first year. It has proved most profitable for both men.

—JOHN K. WINKLER

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